



## FAREWEL TO LOCHABER.



FAREWEL to LOCHABER, farewell to my JEAN,  
 Wherc' heartsome with thee, I have mony days been;  
 For LOCHABER no more, LOCHABER no more,  
 We'll may-be, return to LOCHABER no more.

These tears that I shed, they arc a' for my dear,  
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;  
 Tho' bore on rough seas, to a far bloody shore,  
 May-be to return to LOCHABER no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise every wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a tempest, like that in my mind :  
 Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,  
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd;  
 But by ease inglorious no fame is gain'd;  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;  
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my JEANY, maun plead my excuse;  
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
 And, losing thy favour, I'd better not be.  
 I gae, then, my lass, to win glory and fame,  
 And should I chance to come gloriously hame,  
 I'll bring a heart to thec, with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and LOCHABER no more.



# Farewell to Lochaber.

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Affettuoso

Farewell to Loch-a-ber, farewell to my Jean, Where heartsome with thee I have

mony days been; For Loch-a-ber no more, Loch-a-ber no more, We'll may be re-

turn to Loch-a-ber no more. These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, And

no for the dangers at tending on weir; Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody

shore, May be to re - turn to Loch-a-ber no more.